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CARD FROM BISHOP SCANLAN.

I feel it my duty to protect Catholics and the public generally from fraud and imposition by notifying them from time to time that no person bearing the name and garb of a priest or sister, or anyone else, is authorized or permitted to solicit or collect in this diocese for any purpose whatever connected with the Catholic Church without having from me permission in writing, bearing my seal and signature. Should anyone be found engaged in doing this unlawful work, or collecting without such a document, he or she, as the case may be, should be regarded by all as a fraud and an impostor.

Bishop of Salt Lake.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The Intermountain Catholic goes into nearly every Catholic home in this diocese. Its circulation in Montana, Idaho, Colorado, Wyoming, Nevada and many other states is very large. Only reliable firms and business men advertise in the paper. All subscribers will find it to their advantage when about to invest, purchase or consult on business matters, to read over the list of our advertisers. We not only recommend, but ask for them the patronage of all our readers.

In his forthcoming message the president will urge a larger navy. The "big stick" will be used only for peace, to go along with the white doves in the museum of the Hague tribunal.

Football players, according to Jere Delaney, trainer of Northwestern university eleven, are subject to an ailment similar to softening of the brain. That trainer has a head not found among the players.

A gift of \$100,000 for the Episcopal cathedral in New York is announced, and the donor is "anonymous." That is to say, the identity of the individual is concealed. The newspaper rule rebuking and rejecting the "anonymous" is evidently not applied to church subscriptions.

The miners' strike in the San Juan district of Colorado has been called off, and there is great rejoicing in Telluride. Mr. Meyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, claims that all that was contended for has been won. The strike just declared off began as early as September, 1903.

The hostility of trades unionism to the socialists' propaganda was emphasized at the meeting of the American Federation of Labor just adjourned at San Francisco. To the various propositions presented by the socialist side, only a little over thirty votes were counted in their favor out of a number exceeding two hundred.

The spokesman of the socialists at the recent meeting of the American Federation of Labor was a printer, Victor Berger. To find a printer advocating a doctrine which endorses individuality and rejects the natural right which opportunity presents, is to turn up an anomaly which could be spelled freak. Berger lives in Milwaukee. That accounts for it.

Thanksgiving day a Kansan named Meyer stood in front of the capitol building at Topeka, took off his shirt and burned it. William Allen White, the author of "What's the Matter with Kansas," applied the torch. Twenty years ago Meyer promised to burn his shirt when Missouri went Republican, and he made it good in this dramatic manner. Surely such a sight should arouse the muse of the Boston poet who edits the Pilot.

A dispatch from Elgin, Ill., says that "protected from police interference by an injunction secured late Saturday night, the vaudeville performance under the auspices of St. Mary's Roman Catholic church was given Sunday evening." The protection invoked of the law will not release these Elgin Catholics from the censure of the large number of other Catholics who perceive in this vaudeville performance on Sunday night a cause of scandal to the church and one inviting the just rebuke of Protestant neighbors.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Press, assuming to have inside information, says the case of Senator Reed Smoot will drag along until just before the adjournment of congress next March, when he will be declared entitled to his seat in the United States senate. The committee, it is said, will prepare a lengthy report, most of which will be addressed to the legislature of Utah as to how far it should go in electing self-professing Mormons to congress.

According to the Labor Gazette of London for this month, a comparison with a year ago shows a general decline in employment, though there is improvement in the cotton, woolen and tin-plate industries. From the trade union returns it appears that the percentage of unemployed, which for last year was 5.8 per cent, is this year 6.8 per cent. All over the country and in London special preparations are being made by local authorities either to

meet the distress which already prevails or which is anticipated as the winter advances. And this is the condition which goes to make socialists of Englishmen.

Should the president escape open criticism by evangelical ministers because of justice rendered his Catholic fellow citizens, the brethren can go for him on another count. The other day he put on the gloves along with his brother-in-law, an army officer. The unholy dispatches state that the president smote the other man good and hard, and laid him out with a "stiff right." Really the country is going to Rome and the devil.

The armies of Kuroptkin and Oyama are facing one another on the Shakkie river, where they have been stationary for over a month. There are occasional reports from Russian sources of Japanese setbacks and repulses at various points, but the Japanese are silent as to their doings and intentions. All that is positively known is that both armies are receiving reinforcements. General Nogami announced Thursday, according to a Tokio dispatch, the capture of "203 Meter hill," the key to the Russian fortifications at Port Arthur. The war officers at St. Petersburg are not prepared to accept the report, but if it is officially confirmed it will be a desperate blow for the gallant defenders of the fortress.

The paragraph of the Milwaukee Catholic Citizen tells "Congressman Fitzgerald's latest story," which is somewhat crude and refers to an Irish couple in Boston whose connubial bliss was occasionally disturbed by violent misunderstandings. They were devoted in their own way, however, and when the husband died he left an inconsolable widow. A friend dropped in to see how she was getting along, and in the course of a chat remarked: "I'm glad to hear that poor Mike died happy, anyway." "Indeed he did, Mrs. Lafferty," was the reasonably cheerful reply. "Sure the last thing he done was to crack me over the head with a medicine bottle, the darlin'."

There appears to be mystery about the reported abandonment of the Catholic faith by the Marquise de Moustiers (nee Mary Gwendolyn Caldwell). Most of our Catholic contemporaries are inclined to doubt its authenticity. The Western Watchman says there is no secrecy about the mental condition of the lady, and has been none for ten years. "Her condition is one of imbecility," adds the Watchman, "and her physician at Carlsbad ten years ago expressed the opinion that her case was a hopeless one. But she is harmless, and the flamboyant letter published as coming from her was written by some newspaper adventurer, and should not be considered hers for a moment." The Catholic Citizen of Rochester, N. Y., says the Baroness Zedwich, the other Caldwell sister who figured in the dispatch from Rome, lives in New York and is a devout Catholic.

The Catholic diocese of Newark, N. J., was incorporated last week. Bishop O'Connor, with the other trustees, will have full control of all diocesan properties and titles. When a bishop died heretofore all of the property of the diocese was bequeathed to his successor, and it was necessary for the executors of the will to deed the property over to the new bishop. Under the provisions of incorporation the title to the diocesan property will be vested in the corporation, and no transfer will be necessary when a bishop dies. "This move is deemed desirable," said Mr. Kearns, the legal agent of the diocese, "because otherwise the bishop, who is the frequent recipient of gifts of land and other goods, must devise them to some one, otherwise at his death the property intended for the church would go to his heirs. In New England property is all vested in one diocesan corporation. In New Jersey the different church parishes have their own ecclesiastical corporations, of which, of course, the bishop is the head. With this incorporated association these other bodies can transfer their holdings, if they desire, to the new association."

The labor unions are agitating Japanese exclusion along lines laid down for the exclusion of Chinese, contending that the former menace white labor as much as the other heathens do. Perhaps they do at present; but the greater peril after all is not from the Japs within as it is from the Japs without. When they get so far advanced in western civilization as to make everything we use in this country at a price so cheap that tariffs and trusts cannot keep their products out, then we will appreciate the "yellow peril" in its truest sense. If Japan should be triumphant in her war with Russia she would find an outlet for her surplus population in the new possessions she would obtain. If Japan were defeated her people might be reduced to such straits that a great wave of emigration to the Philippines, Hawaii and this country would result. In the one case a Japanese "invasion" of this country would not be imminent and the agitation for anti-Japanese legislation would be likely to cease. In the other the situation would become acute, and a new and difficult political-diplomatic situation would arise.

Though the Italian election is a month old, our Catholic contemporaries still speculate on the papal break with the non-expedit, some protesting for and some against the accuracy of news received through irregular channels. It is not known positively whether the pope withdrew the mandate which in Italy ever since the papal states were annexed to the royal domain has forbidden faithful Catholics to approach the polls. All that is known positively is the defeat of the socialists through Catholic votes, and no rebuke from the Vatican followed disregard of the non-expedit. No other way was discovered to rout the common enemy of church and state. Hence socialism has done more than any other force to reconcile the King of Italy and the pope, if so it be that they are, and affairs turn out as optimists predict.

Supplementary news of the fire which destroyed Missouri's building at the world's fair contains this paragraph:

St. Louis, Nov. 21.—Unharmful by flames, the life size oil portrait of the late Pope Leo hangs upon the charred walls of the Missouri building, while all about it the evidence of the fire that raged Saturday evening can be found in the remains of other pictures and the great hole burned entirely through the wall within a few inches of the nail upon which the

portrait is hanging. The preservation of this portrait was the wonder of all who visited the ruins.

Remarkable as the incident appears there is nothing in it which would incline Catholics to view the circumstance in the supernatural order. A picture of Martin Luther, hung in the identical place that the other stood immune from fire would come out unharmed as did the picture of Pope Leo. A score of reasons could be advanced to sustain this contention to the one denying its possibility. Protestants who believe that such incidents or accidents have much meaning for Catholics will be disappointed when it turns out that the apparent miraculous preservation of the picture will not promote the canonization of Pope Leo at Rome this month. Incidentally this disappointment will invite the conclusion that the Roman curia, like the Missouriian, "must be shown."

ANCIENT ST. LOUIS.

We approach the sentimental in the church when our eyes rest upon pictured shanties where faithful worshippers in ancient times in this republic. In American history covering church progress to go back a hundred years is to go back to the Indians not yet driven from the eastern bank of the Mississippi. In these days of quick transformation in nature and civilization, rolling back a century of years is to count time as ancient beyond that period. Therefore do we put St. Louis down in church history as an ancient diocesan see, without sacrificing but rather enlarging the western idea of the word "ancient."

The Church Progress, one of the very best of the Catholic newspapers of the country, presented in its last issue a history of the St. Louis archdiocese. A grand presentation of churches and schools and religious institutions; how they began, how they flourished and continue to flourish. Works of charity multiplied to fill a book, not to speak of a newspaper, and every line of it to edify and strengthen the faith we have to win America for the Catholic church. To the writer of these lines it is not the modern in all this which appeals to him. It is the ancient. It is not the picture of the present cathedral. It is the wooden engraving of a shanty standing out on a "common," with nothing to keep it company except another but smaller shanty. Putting up in mind of the shepherd's wagon you see off in the desert when you cross it horseback, and know when you reach the wagon that water may be had for man and beast. This shanty, handy to the bank of the Mississippi, was the first church built in St. Louis. What a world of thought there is in that rough picture! The sheep wagon on the desert and the church on the common! Water in the sheep wagon and food for the physical man. The Bread of Life for the soul in the church on the common. These are thoughts not kindled by cathedral spires, not awakened by processions in jubilees. It is the simple life and the simple things of life that man loves best; and that which he hugs to his heart is the old oaken bucket and the shanty church of his childhood. Go on with your Gothic cathedrals, and hang in their spires bells whose harmony will dispute the melody of "the bells of Shandon." But what are all these to the shanty church on the common? To the warblings of a million robins greeting the morning sun? To the piety which perceives God out in the desert and in the sheep wagon?

Oh, for that poetic emotion which excites the Catholic soul, give us back the missionary church—the church of yesterday!

THE QUEEN'S DAUGHTERS.

The name sounds aristocratic, and perhaps the society would be aristocratic were it made up of other than Catholic ladies. Not that Catholics are entirely immune from the pride of caste, but those of them who devote a part of their lives to God's work in a sense sanctify all of their time. If there be aristocracy in the Queen's Daughters it is of that kind which yields veneration and love to Joseph the Carpenter of Nazareth, even as He did who was "subject" to Mary and Joseph after the finding of the Child in the temple.

Those who read our Denver correspondence—and who among the cultivated does not?—have gathered enough information to form some general idea of the Queen's Daughters, their objects and the way they set about to attain them. It is not a society where talk gets an unequal percentage over tea-cups and saucers, though this is neither rebuking talk nor deprecating tea-cups. Talk and tea-cups are as natural to woman as courting and the tender passion. So imagine a score or more of ladies meeting at the home of another lady, and while they talk they sew and stitch and plan, for all this talk amounts to a good deal to poor families. Imagine this, and probably you get an idea of the Queen's Daughters, and it may be the real one.

But it may mean more than this, and we think it does. And our conviction is strengthened through knowledge of the personnel which names indicate. In some way these have the sound of the cultivated and religious woman. And having such sound, what is there in fields other than charity for such women to do? Not to drop the charitable feature of the society, but to unite it with a benevolent design. For example to look after the social welfare of working girls, those without homes or parents and therefore compelled to "rustle" for a living. Nobody knows better than a woman the temptations of the girl earning a slender salary. How best to expend that salary so as to save a little of it every week, is a problem that the Queen's Daughters ought to solve for the girl. We can reach it through a Catholic Girl's Home, where wholesome food and comfortable shelter may be procured for \$3 per week. It can be done; it has been done in New York for even \$2 per week. Not many girls in stores earn over \$5 per week.

Then there is the public library. Go there in daytime and you find ten women to one man. Women have more time to read books than men have, more time to examine what is on the shelves, more leisure to cull the good from the bad. There are books distributed to patrons whose contents would shame the devil. One such furnished a sensation for a Salt Lake newspaper the other day. There are twenty books written by Protestant authors to one written by a Catholic. Some public libraries are without any histories or works of fiction by Catholic writers. The fault is our own, not

the librarian's. Library trustees are seldom bigots.

Who will start this reform in the public libraries? Who better suited by education and love for good literature than the Queen's Daughters?

THE HERALD'S MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

A subscriber of the Salt Lake Herald residing in Park City and wanting to know what obligations this country owed to Russia as a friendly power, wrote for information. The Herald gave the substance of an interview between Mr. Barker, an American, and the Czar at St. Petersburg in 1878. The same appeared more fully in the columns of this paper early last spring, explaining that the presence of Russian fleets at New York and San Francisco was all that prevented Great Britain and France from aiding the Confederate states and destroying the American union. Desiring to emancipate the merit of this act of the Czar from any virtue it possessed, the Herald quotes the language of the monarch:

"All this I did because of love for my own dear Russia, rather than for love of the American republic. I acted thus because I understood that Russia would have a more serious task to perform if the American republic, with advanced industrial development, were broken up and Great Britain should be left in control of most branches of modern industrial development."

According to the moral philosophy of the Herald, which is not that of Bishop Whately (and we think the editor belongs to the bishop's denomination), confession of self-interest by one party releases the other party from the obligation of beneficence; and this was pointed out to the Park City man. Which amounts to saying to the neighbor who helped put out the fire in your house that he did it because of fear that his own home would be burned down. Therefore, "the devil thank him."

AT "BRIMSTONE CORNER."

The American Bible league, organized last year for "the defense of the faith in the Bible as the word of God," is to hold its second convention at Boston on Dec. 6, 7, and 8, under the auspices of the Boston branch league. The meeting place is the historic Park Street Congregational church, which is familiarly known among New Englander Unitarians and Universalists of the older days as "Brimstone corner." That was at a time when the old-fashioned hell fire sermon was popular and before Protestant theology began to suspect the orthodoxy of brimstone.

We are told that the American Bible league is organized for "the defense of the Bible against the misinterpreted criticism of the rationalists who now teach within the church, calling it good Christianity, what Tom Paine, Voltaire and others of a hundred years ago taught outside the church as infidelity. The president of the league is William Phillips Hall of the Hall Signal company, the well-known "business man evangelist"; the general secretary is the Rev. Dr. D. S. Gregory, late managing editor of the Standard Dictionary and editor of the Homeletic Review; the treasurer is Rush Taggart of the Western Union Telegraph company, and in its directorate and membership the league includes many of the ablest scholars and Protestant divines in America.

Where will the harvest be after all the talk is over? Resolutions and speeches on resolutions will neither convert the Unitarian nor the Universalist, who ridiculed "Brimstone corner" in the days ago. Denunciation of rationalists will have the effect that water would have when poured over a duck's back. At the end some delegate will move that every man interpret the Scripture to suit himself, and a show of hands will carry the motion. Which act is tantamount to giving the Bible back to the rationalists, the Unitarians and Universalists and declaring that Tom Paine's interpretation is just as good as any other man's interpretation.

CANADA, ITS PREMIER, ITS ROSEATE FUTURE

(Continued from Page One.)

tion of religion in Canadian politics is scarcely thought of. The fact that the premier is a Catholic is rarely mentioned and more rarely used for election purposes. Sir John Thompson, a recent Conservative premier of Canada, was a staunch Nova Scotia Catholic and one of the most esteemed men in both public and private capacity in Canada.

The qualities which led to Sir Wilfrid Laurier's success can easily be summarized. He is not of a bold and aggressive type, his chief characteristics are unselfish integrity, great ability, commanding eloquence and extremely amiable disposition. He possesses a kind heart, chivalrous instincts, unflinching politeness and lovable nature. He has always been a keen student of political science and an ornate and forceful writer. He was born on Nov. 20, 1841, at St. Lin, in the county of L'Assomption, Quebec. His ancestors came from Anjou, France in 1560. His grandfather and father were land surveyors in Quebec. He studied law, and at 30 years of age was elected a member of the Quebec legislature for the constituency of Atchabasca and Drummond, and remained in that capacity for three years. In the next federal elections he contested the same county for the house of commons and was elected. In 1877 Mr. Laurier entered the Dominion cabinet as minister of inland revenue, and in that year, owing to the resignation of Hon. Edward Blake, Mr. Laurier was unanimously selected as leader of the Liberal party, which he has since held with great honor and ability. Such is a striking token of the breadth and liberality of the Canadian people who are more than two-thirds British and largely Protestant. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has a very striking personality and distinguished appearance. He is tall and erect, with a youthful, intellectual countenance. He speaks both English and French with a grace and polish which charms the hearer. His oratory is ornate and beautiful and he holds the closest attention of his audiences. The elections which were held on Nov. 3, gave Sir Wilfrid Laurier a majority of about 70, which is an increase of 20. The result is a big surprise to both parties—the most rapid liberal papers forecasting only 50 majority. There are a large number of Catholic members in the Canadian house of commons and there the question of religion is never raised nor is it an issue in deliberations.

When, in the sixteenth century, a Polish embassy went to Rome for the purpose of obtaining relics for their churches, Pope Gregory XIII, in granting their request, said to them: "Every handful of your soil might serve as a reliquary, for it is soaked with the blood of martyrs."

It seems that love—true and profound love—should be a source of light and calm, a revelation, in which there is no place left for the lower vicissitudes of vanity. Great souls care only for what is great, and to the spirit which hovers in the sight of the Infinite, any sort of artifice seems a disgraceful puerility.

Intermountain Symposium.

AN INTERESTING RELIC FROM THE SEA.

Editor Intermountain Catholic:

Messrs. Ensor & Sons' diving staff of Quebec recovered rather an interesting relic from the bottom of the sea near Billy Cotton a few days ago. The consist of some of the pumps, part of engine and frame work of a famous old steamer, namely the Sirius. The Sirius was the first British steamer to cross the Atlantic. She traded for many years between Great Britain and New York and in her day she was one of the marvels of the age, although only a small wooden paddle wheel vessel. Her day soon passed, however, and she had to give way as a transatlantic passenger vessel to the march of progress which brought bigger ships. Then the Sirius set when trading between Liverpool and Cork in the year 1841 she was lost near Billy Cotton and after nearly sixty years some of her pumps and engine work have been lifted. Property thus brought from the bed of the sea is in a good state of preservation and in that it affords proof of the solid material used in the construction of the first British steamer to cross the Atlantic, but there is no trace of the hull of the vessel. I was on the cliff the morning she struck and, if by chance anyone passing here saw the same would confer a favor by addressing Ogden, Utah.

JOHN T. SMYTH.

Who says the church is not poetic? Even in the groups of her features she proves the beauty and poetry; this is perfectly evinced in the celebration of the month, November. First, All Saints' day; and the second the Commemoration of the Holy Souls.

Great is the heart's relief, looking back, to find him who "vill" and beholding the bliss of those who have "fought the good fight," but more in keeping with our exile is the vision of those dear souls still expiating their sins.

Shall we refuse the sweet aims of prayer, the kindness of "little mortifications?"

Those to whom we, perhaps, owe all we possess, reach out their hands to us. Shall we turn our heads away?

How shall we feel when meeting again those dear ones if we have failed to shorten their exile, to lessen their sufferings?

Perhaps it is a father who calls, mayhap a mother, or yet again a devoted brother or sister, or a bosom friend.

When you looked for the last time on that loved face were you not consoled by the thought that you would meet again? Then why prolong the separation by your selfishness?

Of all the months inviting to special devotions none is so human as November; even nature seems to suggest the parting with life, which recalls the last farewell.

Let us determine, then, during these days to hasten the hour of happiness for those who, when on earth, thought so much of our pleasure.

It is the imperative law of our nature to love forever those whom we have truly loved on earth.

Let us love with dream and faith will trust.

Since He who knows our needs is just.

That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.

Alas! for him who never sees

The stars shine through his cypress trees!

Who, hopeless, lays his dead away.

Nor looks to see the breaking day.

Across the morrow's marbles play.

Who has not learned in hours of faith

The truth to flesh and sense unknown.

That Life is ever Lord of Death.

And love can never lose its own.

Sacred Heart Academy, Ogden, Utah.

THE THORNS OF ROYALTY.

Few people in this country have any idea of the suffering which royal personages have to endure in Europe from the lack of privacy inherent in their rank. An extraordinary illustration thereof was furnished the other day at Madrid on the occasion of the particularly sad death of the king of Spain's elder sister, the 22-year-old princess of the Asturias, who succumbed to failure of the heart forty-eight hours after giving premature birth to an infant.

If ever people yearn for privacy it is when gathered around the death bed of a dearly loved daughter, wife, and sister to receive her last farewell. Queen Christina, King Alfonso, the Infanta Maria Theresa and Don Carlos of Bourbon, husband of the dying woman, were thus assembled after the princess had received absolution from the father confessor of the family, when suddenly the great folding doors of the apartment were thrown open, and, escorted by the halberdiers of the royal guard, the grand almoner of the court, followed by all the canons and dignitaries of the chapel royal, some forty in number, by all the grand dignitaries of the court and officials of the royal household, and by all the grandes, men and women, who happened to be apprised in time of the impending ceremony, marched into the death chamber, each bearing a lighted candle. All dropped on their knees, the halberdiers as well as the others, and after administering the viaticum the grand almoner commenced to recite the prayers for the dying, to which the responses were made by the attendant clergy and by all others present. Before twenty minutes had gone by the princess had passed away.

While the scene was solemn, yet the presence of that vast crowd of people, some of them comparative strangers and barely known to the royal family, at such a moment must have added to the distress of the bereaved husband, mother and other relatives. They would naturally have preferred that the young princess should have been left to them and to their family chaplain and trusted spiritual adviser during those last sad moments.

But the inexorable laws of Spanish court etiquette require that it should be otherwise, and that when a member of the royal family is about to die—and sometimes the death agony is terrible to behold, though it was not so in the case of the princess of the Asturias—all the dignitaries of the court, all the guards on duty, the servants of the palace, and all the noblemen and noblewomen of grandee rank who may happen to be at the palace should have the right to put in an appearance around the royal death bed and to witness the royal demise.

It is in keeping with those other barbaric customs which exact that the corpse of Spanish royalty should be reduced to the condition of a mummy by not merely months but years of exposure to the dry atmosphere of the vaults cut in the rock on which the palace of the Escorial is built before being laid to their last rest in the tomb that forms a feature of the palace mausoleum and church; which requires the presence of all sorts of great dignitaries of state at royal burials, to safeguard against any danger of supposition, and which at Vienna, at Dresden, at Munich, etc., demand that the heart, the viscera, and the brain of the royal dead should be consigned to the care of other churches and cathedrals than those where the mutilated body is laid.

The existence of royalty is marred by many thorns, and one cannot feel astonished that they should sometimes express their eagerness to barter all the advantages of their rank for those enjoyed by even the humblest peasant—name; privacy and immunity from the laws of court etiquette.

TRUST YOUR MOTHER.

Many of our young girls are just beginning to be interested in their clothes, and occasionally some of them show more interest than they ought to. A proper interest in one's appearance is only a form of unselfishness, for when you take pains to put them on carefully, it is pleasing to those with whom you live. Any one would sooner have in the house a girl who was neat and clean than one who did not notice an empty buttonhole or a broken shoelace, or else thought they were too trivial to be changed.

But there are a few girls who are continually thinking of what they shall wear their mothers for next. When they have their spring supply of clothes, they begin to ask for a new summer hat, or a shirt waist like the one they saw downtown, and they do not think they are causing trouble. No matter how wealthy their mothers may be, they do not wish to spend more than a certain amount on clothes, and yet when young daughters keep asking for a certain thing as though all their happiness depended on it, unselfish mothers sacrifice other things to please the whim, and if they absolutely cannot do it, it worries them more than the girls dream of.